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T H E
LIFE and DEATH
O F
K I N G J O H N.
A
T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N:

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M D C C X X X I V .

Dramatis Personæ.

King. John,

Prince Henry, Son to the King.

Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, and Nephew to the King.

Pembroke,

Essex,

Salisbury,

Hubert,

Bigot,

Faulconbridge, Bastard-Son to Richard the First.

Robert Faulconbridge, suppos'd Brother to the Bastard.

James Gurney, Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.

Peter of Pomfret, a Prophet.

Philip, King of France,

Lewis, the Dauphin.

Arch-Duke of Austria.

Pandulpho, the Pope's Legate.

Melun, a French Lord.

Chatilion, Ambassador from France to King John.

Elinor, Queen-Mother of England.

Constance, Mother to Arthur.

Blanch, Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and Neice
to King John.

Lady Faulconbridge, Mother to the Bastard, and Robert
Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, Heralas, Executioners, Messengers,
Soldiers, and other Attendants.

The S C E N E sometimes in England, and
sometimes in France.

T H E



The LIFE and DEATH of King J O H N.

A C T I.

Enter King John. Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, and Chatilion.

King John.



O W say, Chatilion, what would France with us ?
Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,

In my Behaviour to the Majesty,

The borrowed Majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning ; borrow'd Majesty !

K. John. Silence, good mother, hear the embassie.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's Son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair Island, and the terretories :
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine :
Desiring thee to lay aside the Sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal Soveraign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this ?

Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
T'infuse these rights so forcibly with-held.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controulment for controulment ; so answer *France*.

Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limits of my embassie.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*,
For ere thou canst report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So hence ! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable Conduct let him have,
Pembroke look to't ; farewell *Chatilion*.

[Exit *Chat.* and *Pem.*

Eli. What now, my son, have I not ever said,
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease
Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son ?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very easy arguments of love ;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful, bloody-issue, arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrng with you and me ;
So much my Conscience whispers in your ear.
Which none but Heav'n, and you, and I shall hear.

Effex. My Liege, here is the strangest controversy.
Come from the Country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard : shall I produce the Men ?

K. John. Let them approach.

Our abbies and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge — What men are you ?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge and the Bastard.

Bast. Your faithful Subject, I, a gentleman,
Born in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest Son,
As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A soldier, by the honour-given hand
Of *Coeur-de-lion* knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou ?

Robert. The son and heir to that said *Faulconbridge*.

K. John.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir ?
You came not of one mother then it seems ?

Baſt. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known, and as I think one Father :
But for the certain Knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother ;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man, thou doſt shame thy
mother.
And wound her honour with this diſſidence.

Baſt. I, madam i no, I havo no reaſon for it ?
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a year ;
Heav'n guard my inother's honour and my land.

K. John. A good blunt fellow : why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance ?

Baſt. I know not why, except to get the land ;
But once he flander'd me with baſtardy :
But whether I be true begot or no,
That ſhill I lay upon my mother's head ;
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fail the bones that took the pains for me)
Compare our faces, and be judge your ſelf.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him ;
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent us here ?
Eli. He hath a trick of Coeur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affeſteth him :
Do you not read ſome tokens of my ſon
In the large composition of this man ?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard ; firrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brothers land.

Baſt. Because he hath a half-face like my father,
With half that face would he have all my land,
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year.

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did imploymy father much —

Baſt. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.

Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassie
To Germany ; there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time :
The advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;
Where, how he did prevail, I shame to speak :
But truth is truth ; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his :
And if he were, he came in the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time :
Then, my good Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate,
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazard of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who as you say took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his,
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In sooth he might ; then if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him ; this concludes,
My mother's son did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his ?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Say, hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land :
Or the reputed Son of *Coeur-de-lion*,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside ?

Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape,
And I had his ; Sir Robert's his, like him,

And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My arms such Eel-skins stuft ; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, look where three farthings goes ;
And to his shape were heir to all this land ;
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face :
I would not be Sir *Nobbe* in any case.

Eli. I like thee well ; wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ?
I am a soldier and now bound to *France*.

Bast. Brother take you my land, I'll take my chance,
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name ?

Bast. *Philip,* my Liege, so is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Robert's* wife's eldest Son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form
thou bear'lt :
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but rise up more great,
Arise Sir *Richard* and *Plantagenet*.

Bast. Brother by th'mother's fide, give me your hand,
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed by the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet* !
I am thy grandam ; *Richard*, call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth, what tho' ;
Something about a little from the right,

In at the Window, or else o'er the hatch :
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch ;
Near or far off well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,
A landless Knight makes thee a landed 'Squire :
Come madam, and come *Richard* ; we must speed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu, good Fortune come to thee,

For thou wast got i'th' way of honesty. [Ex. all but Baſt.
A foot of honour better than I was,
But many, a many foot of land the worse !
Well, now can I make any *Joan* a lady.
Good-den, Sir *Richard*, — Godamercy fellow.
And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter* ;
For new-made honour doth forget mens names :
'Tis too reſpective and unfociable
For your converſing. Now your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess ;
And when my knightly stomach is ſuffic'd,
Why then I ſuck my teeth, and catechife
My piked man of countries, — My dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on my elbow I begin)
I ſhall beſeech you, — that is Question now,
And then comes Answer like an A B C-book :
O Sir, says Answer, at your best command,
At your employment, at your Service, Sir : —
No, Sir, says Question, I, sweet Sir, at yours, —
And fo e'er Answer knows what Question would,
(Saving in dialogue of Compliment,
And talking of the *Alps* and *Appennines*,
'The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*)
It draws towards ſupper in conclusion fo.
But this is worshipful Society,
And fits the mounting spirit like my ſelf :
For he is but a baſtard to the time
That doth not ſmack of obſervation,
And ſo am I, whether I ſmoke or no :
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement ;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the ages tooth ;
Which tho' I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ;
For it shall ſrew the footsteps of my riſing.
But who comes in ſuch haſte in riding robes ?
What woman-poſt is this ? hath ſhe no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her ?
O me, it is my mother ; now, good lady,
What brings you here to court fo haſtily ?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that Slave, thy brother ? where is he
That holds in chase my honour up and down ?

Bast. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert*'s son,
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man,
Is it Sir *Robert*'s son that you seek so ?

Lady. Sir *Robert*'s son : ay, thou unrev'rend boy,
Sir *Robert*'s son, why scorn'it thou at Sir *Robert* ?
He is Sir *Robert*'s son ! and so art thou.

Bast. *James Gurney*, wilt thou give us leave a while ?

Gur. Good leave, good *Philip*.

Bast. *Philip*, sparrow *James*.

There's toys abroad, anon I'll tell thee more. [*Ex. James.*
Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert*'s son.
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me
Upon *Good Friday*, and ne'er broke his fast :
Sir *Robert* could do well ; marry confess !
Could he get me ? Sir *Robert* could not do it ;
We know his handy-work, therefore, good mother
To whom I am beholden for these limbs ?
Sir *Robert* never help'd to make this leg.

Lady. Hast thou conspir'd with thy Brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour ?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave ?

Bast. Knight — Knight, good mother, *Basilico* like,
Why I am dub'd, I have it on my shoulder :
But mother, I am not Sir *Robert*'s son,
I have disclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone ;
Then, good my mother, let me know my father ?
Some proper man I hope ; who was it, mother.

Lady. Hast thou deny'd thy self a *Faulcon-bridge* ?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady. King *Richard Coeur-de-lion* was thy father ;
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my Transgression to my charge !
Thou art the of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

Bast. Now by this light were I to get again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father.
 Some sins do bear their Privilege on earth,
 And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly ;
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
 Subjected tribute to commanding love ;
 Against whose fury and unmatched force
 The awleſſ lion could not wage the fight,
 Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard's* hands.
 He that per force robs lions of their hearts,
 May easily win a Woman's. Ay, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father.
 Who lives and dares but say, thou did'ſt not well
 When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.
 Come, lady, I will ſhew thee to thy kin,
 And they shall fay, when *Richard* me begot,
 If thou hadit ſaid him nay, it had been ſin ;
 Who ſays it was, he lyes ; I ſay 'twas not.

[Exeunt.]



A C T II.

Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin, the Archduke of Austria, Conſtance, and Arthur.

Lewis. B E F O R E Angiers, well met brave Austria :
B Arthur ! that great fore-runner of thy blood.
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave Duke came early to his grave,
 And for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance hither he is come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, *English John*.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Artb. God ſhall forgive you *Cœur-de-lion's* death
 The rather, that you give his off-ſpring Life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war,
 I give you welcome with a pow'rleſſ hand,

But

But with a heart full of unstained love :
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy ! who would not do thee right ?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love ;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders ;
Ev'n till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes ;
Ev'n till that outmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her King. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Conf. O take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who list their
swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phil. Well then, to work, our engines shall be bent
Against the brows of this resiling town ;
Call for our chieftest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Conf. Stay for an answer to your embassie,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.
My lord Chatilion may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatilion.

K. Philip. A wonder, lady ! lo, upon thy wish
Our messenger Chatilion is arriv'd ;
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee. Chatilion speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from thisaultry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have giv'n him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the Mother-Queen;
An *Ate*, stirring him to blood and strife,
With her her neice, the lady *Blanch of Spain*;
With them a bastard of the King deceas'd,
And all th' unsettled humours of the land;
Rash, inconsid'rate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies faces, and fierce dragons spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthright proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the *Englifh* bottom's have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums [Drums beat.
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand,
To parly or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. Philip. How much unlook'd-for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter *King of England, Bastard, Elinor, Blanch, Pem-
broke, and others.*

K. John. Peace be to *France*, if *France* in peace per-
mit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed *France*, and peace ascend to heav'n!
Whilst we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that bears his peace to heav'n.

K. Philip. Peace be to *England*, if that war return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace.
England we love, and for that *England's* sake

With

With burthen of our armour here we sweat ;
 This toil of our should be a work of thine.
 But thou from loving *England* art so far,
 That thou hast under-wrought its lawful King,
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 Out-faced infant state; and done a rape
 Upon the maiden-virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey's* face,
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his ;
 This little abstract doth contain that large
 Which dy'd in *Geffrey*; and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
 That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son ; *England* was *Geffrey's* right,
 And this is *Geffrey's* ; in the name of God
 How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which own the crown that thou o'er-mastereft ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
France,

To draw my answer to thy articles ?

K. Philip. From that supernal judge that stirs good
 thoughts
 In any breast of strong authority,
 To look into the blots and stains of right.
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy ;
 Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
 And by whose help I mean to chastele it. *

King

* ——— I mean to chastele it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Philip. Excuse it, 'tis to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is't that thou dost call usurper, *France* ?

Conſt. Let me make answer : Thy usurping son.

Eli. Out insolent ! thy bastard shall be King,
 That thou may'st be a Queen, and check the world !

Conſt. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
 As thine was to thy husband ; and this boy,

Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*,
 Than thou and *John*, in manners being as like

As.

King John, this is the very sum of all ;
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Main,
 In right of Arthur I do claim of thee :

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon. I do defie thee, France.
Arthur of Britain, yield thee to my hand,

And

As rain to water or devil to his dam,
 My boy a bastard ! by my soul, I think
 His father never was so true begot ;
 It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Conſt. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Auft. Peace.

Baſt. Hear the crier.

Auft. What the devil art thou ?

Baſt. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
 And a may catch your hide and you alone.
 You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
 Whose valour plucks dead Lions by the beard,
 I'll smoak your skin-coat, and I catch you right ;
 Sirrah, look to't, i'faith I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O well did he become that Lyon's robe,
 That did disrobe the Lyon of that robe.

Baſt. It lies as fightly on the back of him,
 As great Alcides' shoes upon an Afs ;
 But, Afs, I'll take that burthen from your back,
 Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Auft. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
 With this abundance of superfluous breath ?

King Lewis, determine what we shall do streight.

Lewis. Women and fools, break off your conference.

K. Phil. King John, this, &c.

And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward-hand of France can win. *

K. Phil.

* — of France can win ;
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy Grandam, child.

Conſt. Do, child, go to it Grandam, child.
Give Grandam kingdom, and it Grandam will
Give it a plumb, a cherry and a fig ;
There's a good Grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace,
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Conſt. Now shame upon you whe're she does or no.
His Grandam's wrong, and not his mother's shame
Draws those heav'n moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heav'n shall take in nature of a fee :
With these sad chryſtal beads heav'n shall be bri'b'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monſtrous flanderer of heav'n and earth.
Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heav'n and earth,
Call me not flanderer ; thou and thine usurp
The domination, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy ; this is thy eldest son's for,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee :
Thy fins are viſited in this poor child,
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy fin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Conſt. I have but this to fay,
That he is not only plagued for her fin,
But God hath made her fin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her fin ; his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her fin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her ; a plague upon her.

Ex.

K. Phil. Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers ; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

[Trumpet sounds.]

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls ?

K. Phil. 'Tis France for England.

K. John. England for it self ;

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects —

K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle —

K. John. For our advantage ; therefore hear us first :
These flags of France, that are advanced here

Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamage ment.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;

And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :

All preparations for a bloody siege

And merciless proceeding, by these French,

Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates ;

And but for our approach, those sleeping stones

That as a waste do girdle you about,

By the compulsion of their ordinance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been dishabited, and wide havock made

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But on the fight of us your lawful King,

(Who painfully with much expedient march

Have brought a counter-check before your gates,

To

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.

Conf. Ay, who doubts that ? a will ; a wicked will ;
A woman's will ; a canker'd Grandam's will.

K. Phil. Peace, lady, pause, or be more temperate ;
It ill beseems this presence to cry, Amen,
To these ill tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet, &c.

To fave unscratch'd your city's threatned cheeks) Behold the *French* amaz'd vouchsafe a parle ; And now instead of bullets wrap'd in fire, To make a shaking fever in your walls, They shott but calm words folded up in smoak, To make a faithless error in your ears ; Which trust accordingly, kind citizens, And let in us, your King, whose labour'd spirits Fore-weary'd in this action of swift speed, Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to us both. Loe in this right hand, whose protection Is most divinely vow'd upon the right Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet*, Son to the elder brother of this man, And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys. For this down-trodden equity, we tread In warlike march these greens before your town : Being no further enemy to you, Than the constraint of hospitable zeal, In the relief of this oppressed child, Religiously provokes. Be pleased then To pay that duty which you truly owe To him that owns it, namely, this young Prince. And then our arms, like to a muzzled Bear, Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up : Our cannons malice vainly shall be spent Against th' invulnerable clouds of heav'n ; And with a blessed, and unvext retire, With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised, We will bear home that lusty blood again Which here we came to spout against your town ; And leave your children, wives, and you in peace. But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer, 'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls Can hide you from our messengers of war : Tho' all these *Englifb*, and their discipline, Were harbour'd in their rude circumference. Then tell us, shall your city call us lord, In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ? Or shall we give the signal to our rage, And stalk in blood to our possession ?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of *England's* subjects,
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of *England* prove the
King?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of *England's* breed——

Bast. (Bastards, and else.)

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phil. As many, and as well born bloods as those——

Bast. (Some bastards too.)

K. Phil. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shalt fleet,
In dreadful tryal of our kingdom's King.

K. Phil. Amen, Amen. Mount chevaliers, to arms.

Bast. Saint George that swing'd the Dragon, and e'er
since

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, sirrah, with your Liones,.
I'd set an Ox-head to your Lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

[To Austria.

Aust. Peace, no more.

Bast. O tremble, for you hear the Lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed them to take th' advantage of the field.

K. Phil. It shall be so; and the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right!

[Exeunt.

Here, after excursions, enter the Herald of France with
trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of *Angiers*, open wide your gates,
And let young *Arthur Duke of Bretagne* in;

Who

Who by the hand of *France* this day hath made
 Much work for tears in many an *English* mother,
 Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground :
 And many a widow's husband groveling lyes,
 Coldly embracing the discoulour'd earth ;
 While Victory with little loss doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the *French*.
 Who are at hand triumphantly display'd
 To enter conquerors ; and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpets.

E Her. Rejoice, you men of *Angiers* ; ring your bells,
 King *John*, your King and *England's*, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day.
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmen's* blood.
 There stuck no plume in any *English* crest,
 That is removed by a staff of *France*.
 Our colours do return in those same hands,
 That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
 And like a jolly troop of huntsmen come
 Our lusty *English*, all with purpled hands,
 Stain'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might be hold,
 From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies, whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured ;
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered
 blows ;
 Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
 power.
 Both are alike, and both alike we like ;
 One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
 We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers at several Doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast
 away ?
 Say, shall the current of our right run on ?

Whose

Whose passage, vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd ev'n thy confining shores ;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phil. *England*, thou hast not fav'd one drop of blood
In this hot tryal, more than we of *France* ;
Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our just-born arms,
We'll put thee down 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead :
Gracing the scroul that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Bast. Ha ! Majesty ; how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is set on fire !
Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel ;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs ;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men
In undetermin'd diff'rences of Kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?
Cry havock, Kings, back to the stained field
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits !
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and death.

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit ?

K. Philip. Speak citizens, for *England*, who's your King ?

Cit. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

K. Philip. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, *Angiers*, and of you.

Cit. A greater pow'r than we denies all this ;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates. *

* _____ in our strong-barr'd gates :

Kings of our fear, until our fears resolv'd
Be by some certain King purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. Heav'n, &c.

Bast.

Bast. By heav'n, these scroyles of *Angiers* flout you
Kings,

And stand securely on their battlements
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
You royal presences be rul'd by me ;
Do like the Mutines of *Jerusalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town,
By east and west let *France* and *England* mount
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul fearing clamours have bawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
I'd play incessantly upon these jades ;
Even till unfenced deiolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, disiever your united strengths,
And party our mingled colours once again,
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment fortune shall cull forth,
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious Victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?

K. John. Now by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. *France*, shall we knit our pow'rs,
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground.
Then after, fight who shall be King of it ?

Bast. And if thou hast the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these fawcy walls ;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then desie each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon our selves for heav'n or hell.

K. Philip. Let it be so ; say, where will you assault ?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Philip. Our thunder from the south

Shall

Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town. *

Cit. Hear us great Kings ; vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league.
Win you this city without stroak or wound ;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field ;
Persevere not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. John. Speak on ; with favour we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England* ; look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in *Blanch* ?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in *Blanch* ?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady *Blanch* ?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat :
If not compleat of, say he is not she ;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she ;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in :
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,
To these two Princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast closed gates : for at this match,
With swifter speed than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,

*—bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline ! from North to South ;
Austria and *France* shoot in each other's mouth,
I'll stir them to it ; come away, away.

Cit. Hear us great Kings, &c.

And give you entrance ; but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions so confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion, no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoak and bounce,
He gives the bastinado with his tongue :
Our ears are cudgel'd ; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of *France* ;
Zounds, I was never so bethump't with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our neice a dowry large enough ;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now-unfur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of *France* :
Mark how they whisper, urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double Majesties,
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

K. Philip. Speak *England* first, that hath been forward
first
To speak unto this city : what say you ?
K. John. If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely
son,
Can in this book of beauty read *I love* ;
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a Queen.
For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poitiers*,
And all that we upon this side the sea,

Except

Except this city now by us besieg'd,
Find liable to our crown and dignity ;
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions ;
And she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hands with any Princess of the world.

K. Philip. What say'st thou, boy ? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wond'rous miracle, *
I do protest I never lov'd my self
Till now infixed I beheld my self,
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.

[Whispering with Blanch,

Eust. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye !
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow !
And quarter'd in her heart ! he doth espie

 Himself love's traiteur : this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should b
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine,
If he see ought in you that makes him like ;
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will :
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this ; that nothing do I see in you, [judge]
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
That I can find should merit any hate.)

K. John. What say these young ones ? what say you,
my neice ?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom will vouchsafe to say.

* —— miracle,
The shadow of my self form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow ;
I do protest — —

K. John

K. John. Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love this lady ?

Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love, For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give *Volquesen, Touraine, Maine, Poitiers, and Anjou*, these five provinces With her to thee, and this addition more, Full thirty thousand marks of *Englifh* coin.

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal, Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Philip. It likes us well ; young princes, close your hands. *

Now citizens of *Angiers* ope your gates, Let in that amity which you have made : For at Saint *Mary's* chappel preſently The rites of marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd. Is not the lady *Conſtance* in his troupe ? I know ſhe is not ; for this match made up, Her preſence would have interrupted much. Where is ſhe and her ſon, tell me, who knows ?

Lewis. She's ſad and paſſionate at your highneſs' tent.

K. Philip. And by my faith, this league that we have made

Will give her ſadneſs very little cure. Brother of *England*, how may we content This widow lady ? in her right we came, Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all, For we'll create young *Arthur Duke of Britain*, And Earl of *Richmond* ; and this rich fair town We make him lord of. Call the lady *Conſtance*, Some ſpeedy messenger bid her repair To our ſolemnity : I truſt we shall, If not fill up the measure of her will, Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfie her ſo, That we shall ſtop her exclamations.

* —— close your hands.

Aufſt. And your lips too, for I am well affur'd That I did ſo, when I was firſt affur'd.

K. Philip. Now citizens, &c.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[Ex. all but Baſt.

Baſt. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition ?
John to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part :
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier ; rounded in the ear
With that fame purpose-changer, that fly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that ;
That smooth'd-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity :
Commodity, the biaſs of the world,
The world, which of it ſelf is poifed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground ;
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing biaſs,
This ſway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this fame biaſs, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a refolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt base and vile concluded peace.
And why rail I on this commodity ?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm ;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail,
And ſay there is no fin but to be rich :
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To ſay there is no vice, but beggary. -
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain be my lord, for I will worship thee.

[Exit.
Enter

Enter Constance, Artdur, and Salisbury.

Conf. Gone to be marry'd ! gone to swear a peace !
 False blood to false blood join'd ! Gone to be friends !
 Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* those provinces ?
 It is not so, thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard ;
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
 It cannot be ; thou dost but say 'tis so.
 I think I may not trust thee, for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man :
 I have a King's oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick, and capable of fears,
 Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of fears :
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
 A woman, naturally born to fears.
 And tho thou now confess thou didst but jest,
 With my vext spirits I can't take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?
 Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as I believe you think them false,
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Conf. Oh if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;
 And let belief and life encounter so,
 As doth the fury of two desp'rare men,
 Which in the very meeting, fall and die.
Lewis wed *Blanch* ! O boy, then where art thou ?
France friend with *England* ! what becomes of me ?
 Fellow be gone, I cannot brook thy fight. *

* —— I cannot brook thy fight ;

This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady. done
 But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

Conf. Which harm within it self so heinous is,
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, &c. B 2 Arth.

Arth. I do beseech you, mother, be content.

Conf. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and fland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and fightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks ;
I would not care, I then would be content :
For then I should not love thee : no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy !
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, oh !
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs,
France is a bawd to Fortune, and to *John*,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping *John* !
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forsworn ?
Envenon him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave these woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the King.
Conf. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
I will instruct my sorrow to be proud ;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop,
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let Kings assemble : for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up : Here I and sorrow sit ;
Here is my throne, bid Kings come bow to it.



A C T III.

*Enter King John, KIug, Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor,
Philip the Bastard, Austria, and Constance.*

K. Phil. **T**IS true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day,
Ever in *France* shall be kept festival :

To

To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist,
 Turning with splendor of his piecious eye
 'The meager cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
 The yearly course that brings this day about,
 Shall never see it, but a holy-day.

Conf. What hath this day deserv'd ? what hath it done,
 That it in golden letters should be set
 Among the high tides in the kalendar ?
 Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury :
 Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
 Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost :
 Except this day, let seamen fear no wrack ;
 No bargains break, that are not this day made ;
 This day all things begun came to ill end,
 Yea, faith it self to hollow falsehood chang'd.

K. *Phil.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day :
 Have I not pawn'd to you my Majesty ?

Conf. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
 Resembling Majesty, which touch'd and try'd
 Proves valueless : You are forsworn, forsworn.
 You came in arms to spill my enemies blood,
 But now in arms, you strengthen it with yours.
 The graphing vigour and rough frown of war
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league.
 Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, against these perjur'd Kings :
 A widow cries, be husband to me, heav'n !
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the days in peace ; but ere fun-set,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings.
 Hear me, oh hear me !

Auf. Lady *Constance*, peace.

Conf. War, war, ne peace ; peace is to me a war :
 O *Lymoges* ! O *Austria* ! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
 Thou little valiant, great in villany :
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side ;
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety ; thou art perjur'd too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool, to bragg, to stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party ; thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
 Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
 Thou wear a Lion's hide ? doff it for shame,
 And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O that a man would speak those words to me.

Bast. And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

* *Aust.* Methinks that *Richard's* pride and *Richard's* fall

* Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

* *Bast.* What words are these ? how do my finews shake !

* My father's foe clad in my father's spoil !

* How doth *Alecto* whisper in my ears ;

* Delay not, *Richard*, kill the villain strait,

* Disrobe him of the matchless monument,

* Thy father's triumph o'er the savages —————

* Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,

* Twice will I not review the morning's rise,

* Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,

* And split thy heart, for wearing it so long.

K. John. We like not this, thou dost forget thy self.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heav'n.

To thee, King *John*, my holy errand is ;

I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milain* Cardinal,

And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,

Do in his name religiously demand

Why thou against the church our holy mother

So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce

Keep *Stephen Langton*, chosen Archbishop

Of *Canterbury*, from that holy see ?

This in our foresaid holy father's name

Pope

Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

K. *John*. What earthly name, to interrogatories
Can tax the free breath of a sacred King ?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So flight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*
Add thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions :
But as we under heav'n are supreme head,
So under it, that great supremacy
Where we do reign we will alone uphold,
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all rev'rence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. *Phil*. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

K. *John*. Tho you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grofly by this medling priest,
Dreading the curse that mony may buy out ;
And by the merit of vile gold, drofs, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself :
Tho you and all the rest so grofly led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate ;
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Conf. O lawful let it be
That I have leave with *Rome* to curse a while.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou, *Amen*,
To my keen curses ; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath pow'r to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Conf. And for mine too ; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong :

Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law ;
Therefore since law it self is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that Arch-heretick,
And raise the pow'r of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome..

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy hand.

Conſt. Look to that, devil ! lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

Baſt. And hang a calve's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because ——————

Baſt. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal ?

Conſt. What should he say, but as the Cardinal ?

Lewis. Bethink you father ; for the difference.
Is purchase a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend ;
Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Conſt. Lewis, stand fast, the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride. *

K. Phil.

*— a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Conſtance speaks not from her faith :
But from her need.

Conſt. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need :
O then tread down my need, and faith mounts up :
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The King is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Conſt. O be remov'd from him ; and answer well.

Aust. Do so, King Philip, hang no more in doubt.

Baſt. Hang nothing but a calve's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phil. I am perplexed, &c.

[K. Phil. I am perplext and know not what to say.

Pand. What can't thou say, but will perplex thee
more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curst ?

K. Phil. Good rev'rend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would beflow your self ?

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows :
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves.

And ev'n before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heav'n knows they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint
The fearful diff'rence of incensed Kings.
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret ?
Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heav'n,
Make such unconstant children of our selves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm ?
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace, to march a bloody hoist,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity ? O holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so ;
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and we shall be blest
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formleſſ, order orderleſſ,
Save what is opposite to *England's love*.
Therefore to arms, be champion of our church.
Or let the church our mother breathe her curse,
A mother's curse on her revolting son.

France, thou may'ſt hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chased Lyon by the mortal paw,
A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phil. I may dis-join my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;

And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow

First made to heav'n, first be to heav'n perform'd:

That is, to be the champion of our church.

What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thy self,

And may not be performed by thy self.

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,

Is not amiss, when it is truly done:

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done, not doing it.

The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake again, the indirect

Yet indirection thereby grows direct

And falsehood, falsehood cures, as fire cools fire

Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.

It is religion that doth make vows kept,

But thou hast sworn against religion:

By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st:

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,

Against an oath the truth thou art unsure

To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;

Else what a mockery should it be to swear?

But thou dost swear, only to be forsworn,

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.

Therefore thy latter vows, against thy first,

Is in thy self rebellion to thy self.

And better conquest never canst thou make,

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy, loose suggestions;

Upon which better part, our pray'r's come in,

If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know

The peril of our curses light on thee

So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,

But in despair, die under their black weight.

Auf. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Baff. Will't not be?

Will not a Calve's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What,

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men ?
 Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,
 Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp ?
 O husband, hear me : Ay, alack, how new
 Is husband in my mouth ? ev'n for that name
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
 Against mine uncle.

Conf. O, upon my knee,
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
 Thou virtuous *Dauphin*, alter not the doom
 Forethought by heav'n.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love, what motive may
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?

Conf. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
 His honour. Oh thine honour, *Lewis*, thine honour.

Lewis. I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on ?

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phil. Thou shalt not need. *England*, I'll fall from
 thee.

Conf. O fair return of banish'd majesty !

Eli. O foul revolt of *French* inconstancy !

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this
 hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton,
 Time,

Is it, as he will ? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood : Fair day, adieu.
 Which is the side that I must go withal ?

I am with both, each army hath a hand,

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They wirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may't win :

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may't lose :

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine :

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose :

Affured loss, before the match be play'd,

Lewis. Lady with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life
 dies.

K. John.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.

[Exit Bast.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whose heat hath this condition ;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest valu'd blood of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt
turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :
Look to thy self, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms
let's hie. [Exeunt.

Alarums, Excursions: Enter Bastard with Austria's Head.

Bast. Now by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot,
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there.
Thus hath King Richard's son perform'd his vow,
And offer'd Austria's blood for sacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living soul.

Enter John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. There Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make
My mother is assailed in our tent, [up.
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her :
Her highnes is in safety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege, for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [Exe.

Alarms, Excursions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elior, Arthur, Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be ; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded : Cousin, look not sad, [To Arth.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, away for England, haste before,
[To the Bast.

And ere our coming see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots, their imprison'd angels
Set at liberty : The fat ribs of peace

Must

Must by the hungry now be fed upon.

Use our commissions in its utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beck me to come on.
I leave your highnes : Grandam, I will pray,
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety ; so I kis your hand.

Eli. Farewel, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [Exit Bast.

Eli. Come hither little kinsman,—hark, a word.

[Taking him to one side of the stage.]

K. John. [to Hubert on the other side.]
Come hither Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love :
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say ——
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heav'n, Hubert, I'm almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so —
yet ——

But thou shalt have —— and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
• I had a thing to say —— but let it go :
• The fun is in heav'n, and the proud day,
• Attended with the pleasures of the world,
• Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds
• To give me audience. If the midnight bell
• Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
• Sound on into the drowsie race of night ;
• If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
• And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
• Or if that furly spirit, melancholy,
• Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
• Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
• Making that Ideot, laughter, keep mens eyes,
• And strain their cheeks to idle merriment ;
• (A passion hateful to my purposes)

‘ Or if that thou could’st see me without eyes,
 ‘ Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 ‘ Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 ‘ Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words :
 ‘ Then, in despight of broad-ey’d watchful day,
 ‘ I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
 ‘ But ah, I will not — yet I love thee well,
 And by my troth I think thou lov’st me well,

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Tho that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heav’n I’d do.

K. John. Do not I know thou would’st ?
 Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy : I’ll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way,
 And wherefoe’er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me. Dost thou understand me ?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I’ll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your Majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord ?

K. John. A Grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee :
 Well, I’ll not say what I intend for thee :
 Remember : — Madam, fare you well.

[*Returning to the Queen.*

I’ll send those pow’rs o’er to your Majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee.

K. John. For *England*, cousin, go.

Hubert shall be your man, t’attend on you :
 With all true duty ; on toward *Calais* ho. [Exe]

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, and Attendants.

K. Phil. So by a roaring tempest on the flood,
 A whole armado of collected sail

Is scatter’d and disjoin’d from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.

K. Phil. What can go well, when we have run so ill ?
 Are we not beaten ? Is not *Angiers* lost ?

*Arthur ta'en pris'ner ? divers dear friends slain ?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spight of France ?*

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd :
So hot a speed, with such advice dispos'd,
Such temp'rate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example ; who hath read or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this ?

K. Phil. Well could I bear that *England* had this
praise,
So we would find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here ? a Grave unto a soul,
Holding th' eternal spirit 'gainst her will
In the vile prison of afflicted breath ;
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Conſt. Lo now ; now see the issue of your peace.

K. Phil. Patience, good lady ; comfort, gentle *Conſtance*..

Conſt. No, I defie all counsel, all redrefs,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death ; death, oh amiable, lovely death !
Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows,
And ring these fingers with thy houſhold worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulſom dust,
And be a carrion monster like thy ſelf ;
Come grin on me, and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And kiss thee as thy wife ; thou Love of Misery
O come to me,

K. Phil. O fair affliction, peace.

Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry ;
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a paſſion I would shake the world,
And rouze from ſleep that fell Anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
And ſcorns a modēſt invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not sorrow.

Conſt. Thou art not holy to belie me ſo ;
I am not mad ; this hair I tear is mine ;

My

My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffrey's* wife :
 Young *Arthur* is my son, and he is lost !
 I am not mad, I would to heaven I were,
 For then 'tis like I should forget my self.
 O if I could, what grief should I forget ! *
 I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
 The different plague of each calamity. †
 Oh father Cardinal, I have heard you say
 That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n ;
 If that be, I shall see my boy again.
 For since the birth of *Cain*, the first male child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire.

There

* — should I forget ?

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And Cardinal thou shalt be canoniz'd ;
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang my self.
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he :
 I am not mad ; &c.

† — of each calamity.

K. *Phil.* Bind up those tresses ; O what love I note
 In the fair multitude of those her hairs ;
 Where but by chance a filver drop hath fall'n,
 Ev'n to that drop ten thousand wiery friends
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief,
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
 Sticking together in calamity.

Conſt. To *England*, if you will.K. *Phil.* Bind up your hairs.

Conſt. Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I do it ?
 I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
 O that these hands could so redeem my son,
 As they have giv'n these hairs their liberty ;
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds,
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.
 Oh father Cardinal, &c.

There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
 And so he'll die ; and rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n
 I shall not know him ; therefore never, never
 Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

‘ *Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child :
 ‘ Lyes in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
 ‘ Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts ;
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare you well ; had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do.
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her Heads-cloaths.]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,

My widow comfort, and my sorrow's cure !

[Exit.]

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [Exit.]

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me
 joy,

‘ Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

‘ Vexing the dull ear of a drowsie man.

A bitter shame hath spoilt the sweet world's taste,

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest : evils that take leave,

On their departure, most of all shew evil.

What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no ; when fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.

"Tis strange to think how much King *John* hath lost
In this, which he accounts so clearly won.

Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his prisoner ?

Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit ;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to *England's* throne : and therefore mark,
John hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be
That whilst warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd *John* should entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of rest.
A scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boist'rously maintain'd, as gain'd.
And he that stands upon a flipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall ;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young *Arthur's* fall ?

Pand. You, in the right of lady *Blanch* your Wife,
May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old
World ?

John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you ;
For he that steepes his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evily born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal ;
That no so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it.
No nat'r'al exhaltation in the sky,
No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away its nat'r'al cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, and presages, tongues of heav'n,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur's*
life.

But

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
Ev'n at this news he dies : and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot ;
And O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd. The bastard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England*, ransacking the church,
Offending charity. If but twelve *French*
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand *English* to their side ;
Or, as a little snow tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin*,
Go with me to the King : 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Now that their Souls are top-full of offence,
For *England* go ; I will wait on the King.

Lewis. Strong reason makes strong actions : let us go ;
If you say ay, the King will not say no. [Exeunt.]



A C T IV.

Enter Hubert and Executioner.

Hubert. H E A T me these irons hot, and look you stand
Within the arras ; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground rush forth
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair : be heedful ; hence, and watch.

Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! fear not you ; look to't.—
Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, *Hubert*,
Hub. Morrow, little Prince.

Arth.

Arth. As little Prince (having so great a title
To be more Prince) as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I,
Yet I remember when I was in *France*,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.

And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was *Geffery's* son ?
Indeed it is not, and I would to heav'n
I were your son, so you would love me, *Hubert*.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lyes dead ;
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [Aside.]

Arth. Are you sick, *Hubert*? you look pale to day ;
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young *Arthur* — [Shewing a paper.]
How now, foolish rheum, [Aside.]
Turning dis-piteous torture out of door !
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears. —
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for so foul effect.
Must you with irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did but
ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a Princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
 Saying, what lack you? and where lyes your grief?
 Or what good love may I perform for you?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a Prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it cunning. Do, and if you will:
 If heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
 Why then you must — — Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes that never did, and never shall
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I've sworn to do it;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out. *

Arth. Oh if an angel shoud have come to me,
 And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd a tongue but *Hubert*'s.

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do.

[*Stamps, and the men enter.*

Arth. O save me, *Hubert*, save me! my eyes are
 out

Ev'n with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stome-still.
 For heav'n fake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound.
 Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily:
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

* — must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would to it.
 The iron of it self, tho' heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench its fiery indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence:
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn hard, than hammer'd iron?
 Oh if an angel should, &c.

Whatever

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

Exe. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [Exit.

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend,
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart ;
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare your self.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

A.th. O heav'n ! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense :
Then feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue. *

Arth. Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, *Hubert* ;

Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O spare mine eyes !
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief.
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeferv'd extreams ; see else your self,
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy. +

— hold your tongue.

Arth. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
Let me not hold, &c.

+ — I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert* :
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes :
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you, &c.

Arth.

Arth. All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office ; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owns :
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O now you look like *Hubert*. All this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu,
Your Uncle must not know but you are dead.
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heav'n ! I thank you, *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more ; go closely in with me ;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, crown'd once again,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your Highness
pleas'd,
Was once superfluous ; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off :
The faiths of men, ne'er stained with revolt ;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore to be posseis'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before ;
To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish ;
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured ;
And like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;
Startles and frights consideration ;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness ;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse :
As patches set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel ; but it pleas'd your Highness
To over-bear it ; yet we're all well pleas'd ;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Must make a stand at what your Highness will.

K. John Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possest you with, and think them strong.
And more, more strong (the lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with : mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the Tongue of these,
To found the purposes of all their hearts ;
(Both for my self and them ; but chief of all,
Your safety ; for the which, my self and they
Bend their best studies;) heartily request
Th' infranchisement of *Athur* ; whose restraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of discontent
To break into this dang'rous argument.
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why shou'd your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ign'rance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise ?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,

That

That you have bid us ask his liberty ;
 Which for our good we do no further ask,
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
 Counts it your weal that he have liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so ; I do commit his youth
 To your direction. Hubert, what news with you ?

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed :
 He shew'd his warrant to a Friend of mine.
 The image of a wicked heinous fault
 Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his
 Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast.
 And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
 Between his purpose and his conscience,
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battels set :
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
 Good lords, although my will to give is living,
 The suit which you demand is gone, and dead.
 He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sicknes was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
 Before the child himself felt he was sick.
 This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?
 Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?
 Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis shame
 That greatnes should so grosly offer it :
 So thrive it in your game, and so, farewell.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury, I'll go with thee,
 And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
 His little kingdom of a forced grave.
 That blood which own'd the breadth of all this isle
 Three foot of it doth hold ; bad world the while !
 This must not be thus born, this will break out
 To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

C

Enter

Enter Messenger.

K. John. They burn in indignation ; I repent.
There is no sure foundation set on blood ;
No certain life atchiev'd by others death — [Aside.
A fearful eye thou hast ; where is that blood [To the Mes.
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm ;
Pour down thy weather : how goes all in France ?

Mes. From France to England never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them ;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. Oh where hath our intelligence been drunk ?
Where hath it slept ? where is my mother's care ?
That such an army should be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it ?

Mes. My Liege, her ear
Is stopt with dust : the first of April dy'd
Your noble mother ; and as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzie dy'd
Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue
I idely heard ; if true or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion !
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers. My mother dead ?
How wildly then walks my estate in France ?
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here ?

Mes. Under the Dauphin.

Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. Now, what says the world
To your proceedings ? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide, but now I breathe again
Alost the flood ; and can give audience

To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Baſt. How I have ſped among the clergy-men,
The ſums I have collected ſhall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the People ſtrangely fantasied ;
Poffeſt with rumours, full of idle dreams ;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a prophet that I brought with me,
From forth the ſtreets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels :
To whom he fung in rude harsh-founding rhimes,
That ere the next Aſcenſion day at noon
Your Highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'ſt thou ſo?

Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out ſo.

K. John. Hubert, away with him ; impriſon him.
And on that day at noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee. O my gentle cousin,
Hear'ſt thou the News abroad, who are arriv'd ?

Baſt. The French, my lord ; mens mouths are full of it ;
Besides, I met lord Bigot and lord ſalibury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of Arthur, who they ſay is kill'd to night
On your ſuggeſtion.

K. John. Gentle kinfman, go
And thrust thy ſelf into their company.
I have a way to win their loves again :
Bring them before me.

Baſt. I will ſeek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haſte ; the better foot before,
O, let me have no ſubjects enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomп of stout invasion.
Be Mercury, ſet feathers to thy heels,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Baſt. The Spirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed. [Exit.

K. John. Spoke like a ſprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him ; for he perhaps muſt need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,

And be thou he.

Mes. With all my heart, my Liege.

K. John. My mother dead !

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night :

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons ?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesie upon it dangerously :
Young *Arthur's* death is common in their mouths,
‘ And when they talk of him they shake their heads,
‘ And whisper one another in the ear.
‘ And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
‘ Whilst he that hears makes fearful action
‘ With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
‘ I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
‘ The whilst his iron did on th'anvil cool,
‘ With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news ;
‘ Who with his shears and measure in his hand,
‘ Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
‘ Had falsely thrult upon contrary feet ;
‘ Told of a many thousand warlike *French*,
‘ That were embattelled and rank'd in *Kent*.
‘ Another lean, unwash'd artificer,
‘ Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur's* death.

K. John. Why seek'it thou to possess me with these
fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young *Arthur's* death ?

Thy hand hath murther'd him : I had a cause
To wish him dead, but thou had'st none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord ? why, did you not pro-voke me ?

K. John. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house of life :
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour, than advi'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John.

K. John. Oh. when the last account 'twixt heav'n
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? for hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murther had not come into my mind,
But taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur's* death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Mad'it it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My lord ——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a
pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name —
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'r's;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Huub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your foul and you.
Young Arthur is alive, this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought.

And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of a guiltless child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O hasten thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly : run more fast.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Arthur on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground be pitiful, and hurt me not.
There's few or none do know me : if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away ;
As good to die, and go ; as die, and stay. [Leaps down.
Oh me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :
Heav'n take my soul, and England keep my bones.

[Dies.]

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmundsbury ;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal ?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France,
Whose Private with me of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more gen'ral than these lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long days journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords ;
The King by me requests your presence strait.

Sal.

Sal. The King hath dispossest himself of us ;
 • We will not line his thin bestained cloke
 With our pure honours : nor attend the foot
 That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
 Return, and tell him so : we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words I think were
 best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief,
 Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt its master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison : what is he lyes here ?

[*Seeing Arthur.*

Pemb. Oh death, made proud with pure and princely
 beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
 Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
 Found it too precious princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you ? have you beheld,
 Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
 Or do you almost think, altho you see,
 What you do see ? could thought without this object
 Form such another ? 'tis the very top,
 The heighth, the crest, or crest unto the crest
 Of murder's arms ; this is the bloodiest shame,
 The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroak,
 That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage
 Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this ;
 And this so sole, and so unmatchable,
 Shall give a holines, a purity,
 To the yet-unbegotten sins of Time ;
 And prove a deadly blood-shed but a jest,
 Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work,
 The graceless action of a heavy hand,
 If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand ?
 We had a kind of light what would ensue.

It is the shameful work of *Hubert's* hand,
 The practice, and the purpose of the King :
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
 And breathing to this breathless excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow !
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of revenge,

Pemb. Bigot. Our fouls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you ;
Arthur doth live, the King hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death ;
 Avant thou hateful villain, get thee gone.

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law ? [Drawing his sword.]

Bast. Your sword is bright, Sir, put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murd'rer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord *Salisbury*, stand back, I say,
 By heav'n I think my sword's as sharp as yours.
 I would not have you, lord, forget your self,
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;
 Let I, by marking of your rage, forget
 Your worth, your greatness, and nobility,

Bigot. Out dunghill, dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

Hub. Not for my life ; but yet I dare defend
 My innocent life against an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.

Hub. Do not prove me so ;

Yet, I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
 Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, *Faulconbridge*.

Bast. Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Salisbury*.

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
 Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
 I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,

Or I'll so maul you, and your tosting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What will you do, renowned Faulconbridge ?
Second a villain, and a murderer ?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince ?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum ;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence,
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly favour of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with the smell of sin.

Bigot. Away tow'r'd Bury, to the Dauphin there.

Pemb. There tell the King he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt lords.*]

Bast. Here's a good world; knew you of this faif
work ?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, (if thou didst this deed of death)
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert*.

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Bast. Ha? I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd so black —— nay, nothing is so black ;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer.
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul ——

Byst. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair ;
And if thou want'it a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will strangle thee ; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on : Or would'it thou drown thy self,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,

Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.

I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all *England* up,
From forth this morsel of dead royalty?
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heav'n, and *England* now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth.
The un-owed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pickt bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now pow'rs from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waits
(As doth a Raven on a sick fall'n beast)
The imminent decay of wretched pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the King;
A thousand businesses are brief at hand,
And heav'n it self doth frown upon the land. [Exeunt.



A C T V.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. **T**HUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

[Giving the crown.]

Pand. Take again.

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word; go meet the French,
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance, and the love of foul

To

To stranger-blood, to foreign royalty ;
 This inundation of distemper'd humour
 Refts by you only to be qualify'd.
 Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick,
 That present med'cine must be ministred,
 Or overthrow incurable infues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
 Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope :
 But since you are a gentle convertite,
 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
 And make fair weather in your blust'ring land.
 On this *Ascension-day* remember well,
 Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
 Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms. [Exit.]

K. John. Is this *Ascension-day* ? did not the prophet
 Say, that before *Ascension-day* at noon
 My crown I should give off ? even so I have :
 I did suppose it should be on constraint,
 But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded, nothing there holds out
 But *Dover-Castle*: *London* hath receiv'd,
 Like a kind host, the *Dauphin* and his powers.
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy ;
 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The title number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
 After they heard young *Arthur* was alive ?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
 An empty casket, where the jewel, life,
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain *Hubert* told me he did live.

Bast. So on my soul he did, for ought he knew :
 But wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ?
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought :
 Let not the world see fear and sad distrust.
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye ;
 Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire ;
 Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
 Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,

That

That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the God of war
When he intendeth to become the field ;
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the Lion in his den,
And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?
Oh let it not be said ! Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him ;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the *Dauphin*.

Bast. Oh inglorious league !
Shall we upon the footing of our land
Send fair play-orders, and make compromise,
Inflination, parly, and base truce,
To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,
A cockred, filken, wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idely spread,
And find no check ? let us, my Liege, to arms :
Perchance the Cardinal can't make your peace ;
Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ord'ring of this present time.
Bast. Away then, with good courage ; yet I know
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exe.

*Enter in arms Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke,
Bigot, and Soldiers.*

Lewis. My lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance :
Return the president to these lords again,
That having our fair order written down ;
Both they and we perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken,
And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we fwear
A voluntary zeal and un-urg'd faith

To

To your proceedings ; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt,
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my fide
To be a widow-maker : Oh, and there
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
But such is the infection of the time,
That for the health and physick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice, and confused wrong.
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends !
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks ? I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot, for this enforced cause,
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here !
What, here ? O nation, that thou could'st remove !
That *Neptune*'s arms who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy self,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore !
Where these two christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper doth thou shew in this,
And great affection wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect !
Oh what a noble compulsion, and a brave respect !
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That filverly doth progres on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation :
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shov'r blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,

Than

Than had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm.
 Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
 That never saw the giant-world enrag'd ;
 Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping,
 Come, come, for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity
 As *Lewis* himself; so, nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulph.

And even there methinks an angel spake,
 Look where the holy legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
 And on our actions set the name of right
 With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France* !
 The next is this : King *John* hath reconcil'd
 Himself to *Rome*; his spirit is come in,
 That so stood out against the holy church,
 That great metropolis and see of *Rome*.
 Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;
 That like a Lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lye gently at the foot of peace,
 And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back :
 I am too high born to be properited,
 To be a seconday at controul,
 Or useful serving-man, and instrument
 To any soveraign state throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of war,
 Between this chashtis'd kingdom and my self,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire.
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which inkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with int'rest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart :
 And come ye now to tell me *John* hath made

His

His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me ?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young *Artbur*, claim this land for mine :
 And now it is half conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
 Am I *Rome*'s slave ? what penny hath *Rome* born ?
 What men provided ? what munition sent,
 To under-prop this action ? is't not I
 That undergo this charge ? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this busines, and maintain this war ?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out
Vive le Roy, as I have bank'd their towns ?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game
 To win this easie match, plaid for a crown ?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set ?
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return,
 Till my attempt so much be glorified,
 As to my ample hope was promised.
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spints from the world
 To outlook conquest, and to win renown
 Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death. [*Trumpet sounds.*
 What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us ?

Enter Bastard.

Bast According to the fair play of the world,
 Let me have audience : I am sent to speak :
 My holy lord of *Milain*, from the King
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him ?
 And as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dauphin* is too wilful, opposite,
 And will not temporize with my entreaties :
 He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
 The youth says well. Now hear our *English* King,
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me :
 He is prepar'd, and reason too he should,

This

This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd mask, and unadvised revel,
 This unheard fawciness and boyish troops,
 The King doth smile at ; and is well-prepar'd
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 That hand which had the strength, ev'n at your door
 To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch,
 To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
 To lye like pawns, lock'd up in chefts and trunks,
 To herd with swine, to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
 Ev'n at the crying of our nation's crow,
 Thinking his voice an armed *Englishman* ;
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
 That in your chambers gave you chafisement ?
 No ; know the gallant monarch is in arms,
 And like an Eagle o'er his Aiery tow'rs,
 To souise annoyance that comes near his nest.
 And you degen'rate, you ingrate revolters,
 You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother *England*, blush for shame.
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums ;
 Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
 Needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in
 peace,
 We grant thou canst out-scold us ; fare thee well :
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither :
 Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our int'rest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed your drums being beaten, will cry out ;
 And so shall you, being beaten ; do but start
 And echo with the clamour of thy drum,
 And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd,

That

King J O H N.

That shall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than deed)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead fits
A bare ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarms. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John, How goes the day with us? oh tell me,
Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majesty?

K. John. This feaver that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavy on me: Oh, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman, *Faulconbridge*,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, tow'r'd *Swinsted*, to the Abby
there.

Mes. Be of good comfort: For the great supply
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Good-win* sands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now,
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'r'd *Swinsted*; to my litter strait,
Weaknes possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the *French*:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That mis-begotten devil, *Faulconbridge*,
In spight of spight, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They say, King John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter

Enter Melun wounded.

Melum. Lead me to the revolts of *England* here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the Count *Melun*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Melun. Fly, noble *English*, you are bought and sold ;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welceme home again discarded faith.
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet :
For if the *French* be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads ; thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. *Edmondsbury*,
Ev'n on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible ! may this be true !

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view ?
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire ?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?
I say again, if *Lewis* win the day,
He is forsown if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the East :
But ev'n this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smoaks about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Ev'n this ill night, your breathing shall expire ;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If *Lewis* by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King ;
The love of him, and this respect besides
(For that my grandfie was an *Englishman*,)
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field ;

Where

Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul,
With contemplation, and devout desires.

Sai. We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight ;
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our Ocean, to our great King *John*,
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eyes. Away, my friends, and fly ! [Exe.]

Enter Lewis and his Train.

Lewis. The sun of heav'n, methought, was loth to set,
But staid, and made the western welkin blush ;
When th' *English* measur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire : Oh bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil we bid good night,
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince, the *Dauphin* ?

Lewis. Here, what news ?

Mes. The Count *Melun* is slain : the *English* lords
By his perswasion are at length fall'n off,
And your supply which you have wish'd so long
Are cast away and sunk on *Goodwin* sands.

Lewis. Ah foul shrewd news. Beshrew thy very heart,
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King *John* did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers ?

Mes. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well ; keep good quarter, and good care to-night,
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[Exe.
Enter

Enter Bastard and Hubert severally.

Hub. Who's there ? speak, ho, speak quickly, or, I shoot.

Bast. A friend. What art thou ?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. And whither dost thou go ?

Hub. What's that to thee ?

Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine ?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought :
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well :
Who art thou ?

Bast. Who thou wilt ; and if thou please
Thou may'st be-friend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance ; thou and endless night
Have done me shaine ; brave soldier pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come ; *sans complement*, what news abroad ?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief then : and what's the news ?

Hub. O my sweet Sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I'l not swoon at it.

Hub. The King I fear is poison'd by a Monk :
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil ; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it ? who did taste to him ?

Hub. A Monk, I tell you, a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out ; the King
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty ?

Hub. Why, know you not ? the lords are all come
back,

And

And brought Prince *Henry* in their company,
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heav'n !
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee *Hubert*, half my pow'r's this night
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These *Lincoln* washes have devoured them ;
My self, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away before : Conduct me to the King.
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come.

[Exe.]

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury and Bigot.

Henry. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling house,
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which affaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here ;
Doth he still rage ?

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him ; even now he fung.

Henry. Oh vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts
Leaves them ; invisible his siege is now,
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing :
I am the Sygnet to this pale, faint Swain ;
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince, for you are born
To set a form upon that Indigest

Which

Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King John brought in.

K. *John.* Ay marry, now my soul hath elbow-room ;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majesty ?

K. *John.* Poison'd, ill fate ! dead, forsook, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom : Nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I ask not much,
I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you.

K. *John.* The salt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poison
Is as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable, condemned blood.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty.

K. *John.* Oh, cousin, thou art come to set mine eye
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt,
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life shou'd fail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The *Danphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where heav'n he knows how we shall answer him.
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,

Were in the washes all, unwarily.

Devoured by the unexpected flood. [The King dies.]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear :
My Liege ! my lord ! —— but now a king —— now thus.

Henry. Ev'n so must I run on, and ev'n so stop. *

Bast. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee, of revenge :

And then my soul shall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

Now, now you stars, that move in your bright spheres,
Where be your pow'rs ? shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land :
Strait let us seek, or strait we shall be sought ;
The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we :
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the *Dauphin* ;
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our selves well finewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already ;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal :
With whom your self, my self, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this busines happily.

Bast. Let it be so ; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Henry. At *Worcester* must his body be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.

And

* —— and ev'n so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay ?

Bast. Art thou gone so ? ——

Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

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For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.

And

* —— and ev'n so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay ?

Bast. Art thou gone so ? ——

And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state, and glory of the land :
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services,
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. Oh let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
This *England* never did, and never shall
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound it self.
Now these her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms !
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If *England* to it self do rest but true.

[*Exe. omnes.*

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